

Rain

Glenda Hedden

Wash me rain,
Run down my face.
Remove my pain
And ease the trace
Of petty slights,
Of neglect and blows,
Of ugly sights
From long ago

Let vile dreams
Dissolve and melt.
Let scarry seams
Remain unfelt.
Cool water frees me
From these ties,
From Hate and Envy
And old lies